

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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GOD'S FAIRY TALE

If it seems to us, as we were saying the other day, that the return of a nation to barbarism is like the Devil's Fairy Tale, does it not seem to us that the rise of nations from barbarism is like God's Fairy Tale?

We have seen the German people abandon their high place in the world and plunge themselves into the abyss of the backward races of mankind; it has happened in a few short years, and has brought unparalleled misery upon us all. It is a thing without precedent in modern history for a nation to find a maniac and to worship him.

The Slave State

Only by breaking down all their old beliefs, only by severing all their association with the past, could their new god make his way. For the first time in history a nation was turned backward to retrace its steps, to abandon civilisation and return to the jungle. It has been possible because the nation was never rooted in things that are eternal. It was built up by the sword to perish with the sword.

The chief interest of Germany since she became a modern State has been to enrich herself at the expense of her neighbours. She has never understood the elemental principles of society—the willingness to live next door to a man without wanting to burgle his house or steal his watch or take his life. She has been drilled like a nation of sheep to be led to the slaughter. She has never been free to choose the way that she could go. If she has been willing to march to the precipice again and again it is because she does not understand the dignity of human life, the courage of the independent spirit. Her civilisation has never yet been crowned with the liberty by which alone the greatness of a nation can endure.

NEVER has Germany been a free nation. Her spirit has been enslaved by her rulers for their own purposes. To see the immensity of the gulf between a nation bound and a nation free we have only to ask ourselves what would have happened if our rulers had behaved like Nazis. There is no power under the sun that could lead our people to the depths of cruelty into which the Germans have fallen. A modern State for seventy years, they have become in seven years a savage race.

Life's Triumphal Procession

It is worth while to remember that Hitler, who has created and invented nothing, has merely led his people backward. He has asked them to make Evil their god and they have done so. He has turned the chariot of progress round, believing that he can lead mankind downhill more easily than up. Any lunatic can drag a thing down; it needs a strong man to set it up. God's Fairy Tale is that life is a long march uphill, and that humanity at its best (Wordsworth's The Brave, the Mighty, and the Wise) finds it a triumphal

journey. Life has been a triumphal procession from the darkest ages to the age of light.

It is not by some miracle that liberty has been established and righteousness exalted in the earth, but by ceaseless toil and struggle. We, too, have been as barbarous as the Nazis. All men and all nations have floundered in the depths of cruelty and sin. Every schoolboy knows how terrible the history of our race has been.

THE slave empires of the ancient world seem far back in the mists of time, but it is only 140 years since we ourselves were growing rich by carrying Africans to slavery, throwing them overboard in thousands if the ship-load was too great. We need not go back to the days of Nero, who would set Christians on fire to burn as lamps by night. There is nothing more ghastly in human history

THE PRAYER OF THE BBC

This is the inscription carved in Latin in the Entrance Hall of Broadcasting House, the Headquarters of the B.B.C.

THIS Temple of the Arts and Muses is dedicated to Almighty God by the first Governors of Broadcasting in the year 1931, Sir John Reith being Director-General.

It is their prayer that good seed sown may bring forth a good harvest, that all things hostile to peace or purity may be banished from this house, and that the people, inclining their ears to whatsoever things are beautiful and honest and of good report, may tread the paths of wisdom and uprightness.

than the story of the proud Roman Empire, and yet in the history of our own small island we may see cruelty built up into a system, and evil established in high places. It is incredible to read the story of the rise of our own nation.

Let somebody call the Conqueror a tanner's daughter's son and he would cut off the hands of his captives and fling them into the streets as he rode through them. Let Richard Plantagenet come within sight of the throne and he would wade through the blood of his victims to reach it. Let two little princes stand in his way, they could be smothered in the Tower.

The Long Tale of Cruelty

Let Philip of Spain seek to destroy the English, and he would find a quisling on the throne of England. Let the Tudors build up their splendour with unparalleled renown, yet the heads of great Englishmen rolled in the street at their slightest whim. It was nothing to Henry the Eighth to match the crimes of Bluebeard; he would batter his old friends to death as if they had been rats.

FROM the Plantagenets to the Tudors, from the Tudors to the Stuarts, even into the Puritan Commonwealth itself, the long tale of systematic cruelty goes on. Barbarism was enthroned in the nation that was slowly building up the liberties of the human race. If it was the Stuarts who set up our Star Chamber it was the Puritans who tortured James Nayler, the poor Quaker fanatic; it was the Puritan Parliament which discussed his case and doomed him to be whipped in the market-place, branded on the brow, and to have a hole bored through his tongue with a hot iron. It was in vain that Cromwell protested against this infamy; the hold of barbarism on the State was too strong even for Oliver. Milton himself was unmoved by the torture of old women who were drowned for causing storms at sea; everybody believed in witches and nobody thought it wrong to throw them into the river.

Our Age of Cruelty

How many of the noblest lives ever lived were ended in the fires of Smithfield? It is on record that the Bishop of Rochester's cook was boiled alive there for putting poison in the yeast tub. It is not 200 years since a man had his right hand cut off before being hanged in England, and it is only a century since there were nearly 200 crimes for which men, women, and children were hanged in this country. In the 17th century a boy of eight was hanged at Abingdon for setting fire to barns; in the 18th century a boy of ten was hanged; in the 19th century Hannah More saw a little girl of ten hanged for putting her hand through a broken window and taking some sweets.

Everybody knows how slowly all this cruelty disappeared from our own land.

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Tell the Nations That He Reigns



It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring and swing,
Bell of Joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns
Who alone is God and Lord.

This stirring picture, by Solomon J. Solomon, is entitled *Laus Deo* (Praise to God). It is copyright and is reproduced by courtesy of Messrs Raphael Tuck and Sons.

China and the World's Freedom

It is coming more and more to be realised that human freedom depends on that group of powers which has been labelled the ABCD group, meaning America, British Empire, China and the Dutch East Indies; but do we realise, we wonder, how much the world owes to the marvellous courage of the Chinese people?

It is four years since the Japanese made war upon them without a shadow of excuse, and nobody thought that China could hold out against the ruthless Japs.

Yet the Chinese have held out all these years, so that the Japs, who have used their full force against them, have had to excuse themselves to the world by calling the war a mere Chinese Incident. The fact is that they have failed to overcome the terrific resistance of China.

Two things are clear from this, the immense internal strength of China and the fact that the Japanese attempt to force a crisis in the Pacific after the Hitler style has been checked.

The Chinese ambassador in London, Dr Wellington Koo, declares that China's strength is due to 2000 years of the spiritual teachings of Confucius, and to

the New Life movement under General Chiang Kai-Shek and his brilliant wife. They believe implicitly in the triumph of good over evil, and their convictions inspire them to carry on against the ruthless savagery of the invading Japanese. Dr Koo believes that it is the stubborn stand of China and her refusal to be beaten that has prevented Japan from forcing her way in the Pacific and changing the map of Asia.

We must all believe that, too, and it is thrilling to remember that the United States and the British Empire, with China and Russia, are far more than half the world, and are locked together in the great stand for human freedom against the barbarism that would destroy it. It is good to know that the utmost help is being given to China by all the nations of Anglo-Saxondom.

Peter of Whangarei

WE have just had the pleasure of meeting one Peter of New Zealand, its Prime Minister; now the Science-Master of Whangarei High School introduces us to another, Peter the wise dog of his school. He was a half-Alsatian belonging to a friend in the town, and he became such a regular attendee at the High School that he merited high regard, and probably there have been few pupils who could rival him in his regular attendance at morning prayers. He knew Saturdays and Sundays as well as any pupil and limited his attendance to five days weekly.

Peter did not have a prayer book, but each morning he took along a stone, which he deposited on the floor and carried outside at the end of the ceremony.

As behaves all good church-goers, Peter believed that cleanliness was next to godliness, and he took his daily dip in the water-trough at the intersection of Mill and Kamo Roads. His regularity in accompanying them to school led to Peter's adoption as general favourite by all the children.

He also took his departure from the school at lunch-time and returned in the afternoon. He was escort to the various classes going for metal and woodwork instruction, and he even accompanied the boys to the pictures.

Now Peter has reached the "doggy heaven," and the boys to whom he has been friend and companion for eight years and more feel deeply their loss.

GOD'S FAIRY TALE

Continued from page 1.

It lingered on so that living men remember something of it, and even Queen Victoria believed there was no way of keeping soldiers in order except by flogging them. Nobody cared about the little boys who were forced up chimneys to clean them. Sydney Smith, the comic dean, said it was quite right to throw out the Bill stopping this, for there was no possible way of keeping chimneys clean without these boys. Nobody cared about the women and children down the mines, dragging trucks in the dark for twelve hours a day; or about the children who were driven to work in the mills from morning till night, whipped awake when they fell asleep.

It was all not very long ago, in the days when Liberalism was growing up to make a better world, and it was in our own country, now so shocked by the cruelties of Hitler's savages.

WE see how true it is that cruelty is something the human race outgrows. We see how wonderful it is that, though such

things were practised then, the whole civilised world is shocked when they are practised now. That is the everlasting answer to the pessimist. Not only has man transformed the wolf into the guardian of the fold, but he has made the savage into a gentleman.

THAT is God's Fairy Tale, that through the centuries the spirit of mercy and charity and hope and love has made its way like gleaming sunlight through the lives of men until its rays illumine the four quarters of the globe. Wherever they fall they destroy the evil thing, shatter the powers of darkness, and give new hope to men. The fact that a nation has rebelled and chosen the way of Cain cannot blind us to the fact that all down the ages the nations have been marching from darkness to light. It is not possible that a nation which enslaves itself can stay the hand of progress and turn back those who have won the victory. The Armies of God are also on the march, as General Smuts reminds us, and though they may lose battles they never lose the war.

Arthur Mee

LITTLE NEWS REELS

CANADIANS have sent over 20,000 parcels to Australian prisoners of war in Germany.

The Ministry of Information now has 70 mobile film units touring the country, and in its first year this Celluloid Circus, as it is playfully called, has given 20,000 shows to an audience of over three millions.

THE cement industry is now producing a weekly output of 150,000 tons.

The Ministry of Works and Buildings is handling a million pounds worth of building work every day.



Since the war began the R.A.F. has brought down 4586 Nazi planes in and around Britain and over France, with a loss of 1263; on all fronts apart from Russia the Axis has lost 8020 planes and the R.A.F. 3089.

A BURGLAR having stolen a 12-year collection of farthings earmarked for missionary funds from Denham, parishioners have presented the rector with over £70, representing 67,200 farthings.

A hundred million people have asked the Girl With the Golden Voice the time since it was first given on the telephone five years ago.

Volunteers are to work as auxiliary conductors on Leeds buses and trams to speed up rush-hour transport, working on their own regular routes.

AN Allied Force of Canadians, British, and Norwegians has landed on Spitsbergen in order to deprive the Germans of its coal. Many hundreds of the Norwegian settlers have come to Britain.

The women of Kenya are now to be called up, both British and European, from 18 to 60; if the voluntary response is insufficient the Government will set them to work at fixed wages.

SOLDIERS of an anti-tank company have marched 45 miles in a day in Queensland, an Australian record.

Scout and Guide News Reel

THE 5th Durham City Scouts have raised £115 for the Red Cross.

In a recent military exercise 200 Birkenhead Scouts manned four posts for the purpose of treating the supposed casualties.

Canadian Scouts have now subscribed £800 to the Fund for War Distressed Scouts in this country.

WHEN fifty thousand cabbage plants were unexpectedly delivered to a Wiltshire farmer he appealed for help to the local Scouts, who soon had the cabbages planted out.

Southwick Council has subscribed to the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements in appreciation of their having collected more than four tons in a local salvage drive.

Living on the edge of the Kalahari Desert, 15 African girls leave their villages once a fortnight and trek up to 16 miles to a Guide meeting where, in addition to their Guide training, they do knitting and needlework for the Red Cross.

Guide ingenuity enabled crippled children from Cowdenknoves, a hostel run by Edinburgh Guides, to take part in a fancy-dress carnival for War Weapons week; three children in invalid chairs entered as the Loch Ness Monster, and the bathchair of another case was transformed into a pirate ship.

The Wonderful Woman in Mr Roosevelt's Life

MR ROOSEVELT has suffered a sorrowful bereavement in the passing of his mother, the great woman who made him a great man.

For nearly 87 years her life was filled with adventure, and her story shows us once more how much the success of most men depends on the devotion of a mother.

Mrs Roosevelt during the last few years has been known as the First Mother of the Land, and well she deserved that national tribute. She crossed the Atlantic some years ago to visit our King and Queen and to lunch with our Prime Minister, and she took a great part in the social life of America to relieve her hard-worked son.

Romance has always attended her and her ancient family. She was born as Sara Delano, originally De la Noye, the name of a Huguenot who went from Holland to join the Pilgrim Fathers during their first year in their new home. Indeed, seven of Mrs Roosevelt's ancestors actually sailed on the Mayflower, one of her ancestors having chartered it.

As a child Sara Delano sewed shirts for soldiers fighting in the Civil War, lived in China with her father (who had gone to Hong Kong to recoup the fortune he had lost in the war), and then came by way of Egypt before there was a Suez Canal. She went to school at Hanover, and when the Franco-Prussian War broke out the young student escaped home on the last boat.

The Life-Jacket That Came Back

ONE of the most thrilling stories of the heroic spirit which is winning the war is that of the R.A.F. Observer who came down in the sea with a bomber damaged by German guns.

The fuselage having filled with water so that the door could not be opened, the crew made their way to the tail turret and escaped through a hatch. The rear gunner had been hurt, and as his life-jacket would not inflate the Observer, a sergeant, gave the gunner his own. The bomber's dinghy had been made useless, but the Observer saw

a lightship and tried to reach it, telling the others to hold on. The current forced him to return, only to find that the rest of the crew had disappeared.

But in that tragic moment the Observer found his life-jacket floating, evidently abandoned by the gunner to whom he had given it, and, managing to put it on, he set out to swim to the coast nine miles away, and walked to a coastguard station two miles off. It is certain that he owes his own life to the jacket he gave to a friend to save his life.

TIM THE RAIDER

This story of a raiding cat comes to us from a home into which the C.N. goes at Alford in Lincolnshire.

The cat had been continually attacking sparrows' nests and carrying off the young, and the swallows in the neighbourhood, having witnessed these attacks, awaited an opportunity to pounce on the cat, approaching within two inches of its head, which so scared Tim the Raider that he was glad to bound off and escape through a hole in the fence.

He Lies in His Cathedral

Guildford's cathedral is growing up, and it is pathetic to record that its first bishop's ashes have been laid within its walls as the great structure is rising. The casket has been placed in a niche over the foundation-stone, and will preserve for a thousand years, we may be sure, the memory of Dr J. H. Greig, first shepherd of the flock to worship here.

Uneasy Japan

Japan is an uneasy land, shaken by small earthquake tremors once a week and big ones once a month, and liable to a destructive one felt all over the globe every 11 years on the average.

This recurring period of big earthquakes, like that which wrecked Tokyo and Yokohama in September 1923, has been noted in Japanese records for nearly six centuries, and such outbreaks usually occur between July and September. They are often a little early or late, and the 11-year period also fails to keep exact time, and it may be noted that, as the last severe earthquake in Japan was in November 1930, another is now due.

Surely the earthquake politicians will think again.

THINGS SEEN

An old man of 90 tricycling at Gorleston and towing his wife (also 90) in a bathchair.

Three schoolboys of 10 and 12 driving tractors on a farm at Allhallows, Kent.

Story of a Toronto Boy

A TORONTO school (the Lawrence Park Collegiate School) gathered to sing Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow the other day, and sang as they had never sung before, for their hearts were filled with rejoicing.

One of the senior boys was so desperately ill that the doctors could do nothing for him. The lad was a great favourite, and when his schoolfellows heard that his life was despaired of they asked the headmaster if

they could invite the sick boy's minister to come to the school and pray with them. So the pastor and 1200 boys united in silent prayer. For the pastor it was the most remarkable experience of his whole ministry.

To the amazement of doctors and nurses, the lad regained consciousness on the third day, and a few days later was well on the road to recovery, the whole school then gathering again at a thanksgiving service.

WELL DONE, THWING

On the Yorkshire Wolds is the tiny village of Thwing. Far from anywhere, it might have been forgotten if its boys and girls had forgotten there was a war. But they have not forgotten, for they have been working for months to aid the Red Cross.

The girls spent six months knitting garments for babies, making gloves, aprons, and frocks, turning old clothes and making new ones of them, and embroidering ironholders and slippers. The boys caught moles, cleaned and dried their skins, and made gloves and cycling mittens of them. They also made rugs and purses, and sold the produce of their own gardens. Altogether, they have raised £62 for the Red Cross.

END OF THE SOU

One of the things the French people are finding it hard to do without is the sou, the thrifty Parisian's delight, which has been abolished by the Paris Government.

The Germans consider that round sums like 50 francs are easier to cope with than figures like 49'95 francs, which caused many headaches in book-keeping. The value of this smallest of all French coins had evaporated, and it was not worth the nickel it was made of.

For centuries people have talked in sous and changed money in sous. A ticket in the Paris Metro was always "quatorze sous," and foreigners would have to do some rapid calculations to find out that it was 70 centimes, one sou being five centimes. Take care of the sous and the francs will take care of themselves, was every Frenchman's motto.

Lady of the North

WHEN Captain Robert Bartlett put to sea the other day it was the only time since he went with Peary that he had sailed under other orders than his own.

The expedition was under the command of Louise A. Boyd, who has been chosen by the United States Government to go to the Arctic to investigate magnetic and radio phenomena there.

America's only woman explorer, who fitted out the expedi-

tion herself, has been north many times, and has left her mark on a part of Greenland which is called Boyd Land.

Captain Bob Bartlett has been a skipper since he was 17, when he was given a schooner by his father and sailed north to hunt for seals. Now 60, and a veteran of many trips to the Arctic, he has memories of a dozen shipwrecks and the loss of four ships, but is never happier than when he is exploring.

STOP HIM AND HAVE ONE

The Stop Me and Buy One tricycles have become less familiar in the countryside, but the missing ones have not all been idle, for hundreds of them have been in use at R A F Fighter Stations, carrying hot and cold drinks to pilots coming down to refuel during patrol. They have been lent to the R A F Comforts Committee and are pedalled by airmen round the dispersal points on the aerodromes; but as all drinks are now free the tricycles bear the words Stop Me and Buy One in place of the pre-war slogan.

THE RIVER BED IS NOW A FARM

It was only the other day that the C N described how a Cheshire farmer had found a way of turning straw into food. Now we hear of a Lancashire farmer who has turned an old river bed into a farm.

He is Mr Bruce Smith, of Burscough in Lancashire, and he has established a 250-acre farm on derelict land reclaimed from the bed of a river at Lathom. Two years ago the land was a morass. Now it is a highly-developed, rich-yielding farm.

Wars and the Dust Bowl

WARS of thousands of years ago have left their mark on the prosperity of Iran and Irak and Palestine.

Dr C. W. Lowdermilk, the agriculturist, points out that the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, where oil wells have replaced the tradition of the Garden of Eden, never really recovered from the effects of ancient wars.

They suffered more in the peace that followed strife, because the husbandmen had been paralysed and driven forth, and the vast system of irrigation

canals allowed to choke and decay. The Garden of Eden was left to decay for a thousand years.

So also in Palestine, the land of milk and honey. The Phoenicians in that hilly land terraced the open fields with stone on the side of the hills, and the pasture, the vine, and the fig tree flourished. Then the Assyrians and the Hittites and other warriors trampled all into dust, and the fields fell into the rivers as their stone fencing fell down after 2000 years, and Palestine became again a dust bowl.

THE X-RAY IS MARCHING ON

It is good news that X-ray photography for medical work is to be quicker and cheaper.

It seems that the new method dispenses with special cameras and a slow-development process. The patient is placed between the X-ray tube and a fluorescent screen, and the image thrown on the screen is photographed by an ordinary camera which has a fast 35-millimetre film. The old film required by X-ray specialists was 14 inches by 17; by the new method the small film is developed at once, after which the negatives are enlarged by being projected on a screen.

A Cousin of the Diamond

COUNTRY cousins no longer believe that London is paved with gold, but they may be pardoned if, when treading the pavements, or the steps of railway stations, they wonder whether they have diamonds underfoot, for myriads of sparkles flash in the sunlight.

The source of the dazzling mystery is indeed a cousin of the diamond.

Sixty years ago experiments by scientists in search of artificial diamonds led to the discovery of a by-product, formed by the action of carbon on sand when heated to a high temperature in an electric furnace. A material called carborundum

was the result. Almost as hard as the diamond itself, it makes so wonderful a compound when mixed with cement and fine granite chips that it has now superseded stone for pathways and steps, in which it is said to "wear for ever."

Used in other forms it is the finest grinding substance in the world, and in a thousand centres today is grinding tools necessary to the winning of the war. In the footpaths it is scattered in crystals over the cement and stone-chippings, and it is these crystals that shine in the pavements. Emery-paper is chiefly made of this product, the invaluable carborundum.

The Harvesters



The old hand gives advice on how to use the sickle to a young soldier, one of many helping with the harvest in Southern England

Ice on the Wing

ON Mount Washington's summit, thousands of feet high, the tireless American aeroplane experts are investigating the causes and consequences of ice on aeroplane wings. They measure many strange things, such as the amount of water in the clouds that form the ice. They time the development of the transition from frosty rime to solid ice on the plane, and calculate the amount of icing and the size of the drops of

freezing water, in various conditions of wind and temperature. They examine the warnings that are given of ice-forming conditions aloft.

To sum up, they are preparing a schedule to tell the high-flying airman when and where to expect icing of his wings, so that he may know what to do and what to avoid. On Mount Washington's summit the conditions are those he will be likely to meet.

BROTHER TURTLE

To unscientific people the way a turtle breathes may not seem a thing of much importance, but among naturalists it has been a fiercely debated question, which has now at last been settled. The turtle does not breathe like a frog from the throat, as several generations of text-books have taught, but from what may be described as the chest. The frog has the apparatus for breathing in its mouth.

Not so the turtle. It is a deep breather. It ejects a breath from out its throat, pushed by the diaphragm. In short, it breathes like a mammal instead of like a reptile. We may call it Brother Turtle.

Blown Back Into Life

One of the crew of a torpedoed ship was going down in his ship when the boilers burst and blew him to the surface. He was picked up by one of the lifeboats, and found to have only a few broken bones.

THE WARTIME BARGE

In peace we build barges of steel. In war we have to save steel, and our wartime barges are being cast in ferro-concrete, which saves two-thirds of the metal required for all all-steel barges of the same capacity.

The barges now being made for the Admiralty are of cast slabs which are assembled and the vessel completed in eight weeks.

FOXGLOVE NEWS

It is common knowledge that the flowering period of many plants can be prolonged if we regularly cut off dead blooms, but foxgloves are not usually considered fit subjects for such treatment. We never know till we try. We hear of a reader who cut down one of his foxgloves after it had raised and matured a great stem purple with many glories. The plant was not to be outdone in its attempt to produce seed. To replace its amputated stem it has thrown up two new ones, each with over twenty blooms.

DRUGS FOR NOTHING IN NEW ZEALAND

No one in New Zealand need lack medicine, for the Ministry of Health has announced that drugs are to be given to anyone free of charge by the chemist, the Government paying the bill. The only drugs that do not come under the plan are patent medicines, serums, vaccines, and anti-toxins.

Many of New Zealand's 1500 doctors have signed up with the Government's scheme of free medical care. People may register with the Government and present their cards to their own doctor, who, after treating the patient, sends the card to the health officials.

TALE OF TWO ELEPHANTS

Molly and Mannekin, two elephants which have appeared in a film, have found a home at Chester Zoo.

Their owner, Mr Ralph Marshall, is serving in the R A F, and when it appeared that unless a home could be found for them they would have to be destroyed several children wrote and asked the Chester Zoo if it would take them. The Zoo therefore negotiated with the owner and arrangements were made for the elephants to come to the Zoo for the duration of the war.

They have been added to the Zoo's Adoption List, and an appeal is made for donations and small sums of money weekly to meet the cost of their keep.

Victory For an Old Friend

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this note of a glimpse he had in the harvest fields the other day.

A motor tractor pulling a self-binder in a harvest field on a steep hillside amid the Southern Highlands of Scotland was the only modern element to disturb a quiet country scene.

The tractor suddenly stopped, the gradient being too much for its motive power. Several attempts were made to get over the difficulty, but the engine of

the tractor always "konked out" under the strain. Working in the same harvest field with another binder was a trio of horses. They had been following the tractor, which had to be backed out of the way to allow the horses to pass. The animals seemed almost to turn the corner with a special pride, and then gallantly mounted, with apparent grace and ease, the hillside which had proved too much for the tractor.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



A Little Present For Mussolini

HITLER has given his jackanapes an observatory. Now we may expect to hear of Mussolini consulting his stars and thinking himself indeed a Caesar. We can almost hear him saying, like the great Julius, that if he were as other men he could be moved by prayers.

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So in the world; tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak of motion: and that I am he.

Let us keep our eye on Mussolini, the man of destiny, who stands firm while his empire crumbles and the whole world laughs in scorn.

EPITAPH

THE epitaph the world is waiting to read:

Here lies Hitler, as usual.

Waste Nothing

We have been reading this incident in the life of Thomas Carlyle.

IN one of the busiest streets of London he was seen to stoop down, and in stooping nearly driven over by the passing traffic. He picked up something out of the mud, and, carrying it to the kerb, cleaned it with his hands and remarked to his companion:

"That is only a crust of bread, yet I was taught by my mother never to waste, and, above all, bread, more precious than gold, the substance that is the same to the body that the mind is to the soul. I am sure the little sparrows or a hungry dog will get nourishment from that bit of bread."

Seat For Tommy

THIS is the story of a tired Tommy and a chivalrous colonel. The colonel was travelling by bus when a weary private was picked up miles from anywhere, perspiring freely after a long tramp in the hot sun. He carried a full load of kit, was covered with dust, and was quite breathless.

The bus was full, but the colonel stood up at once and offered his seat to the tired soldier, who accepted it.

STORY

No book could hold the stories of the war; no encyclopedia could contain them all.

But we may hope that one story will always be remembered. It can be told in a very few words.

The Nazis gave the Iran people guns and carried off their wheat.

The British took the Iran people bread and protected them with their own British guns.

The Snake

A stick of bombs in East Anglia has destroyed a chapel and killed a child of four and an old lady of 82.

THERE is not a soldier worth the name who would not scorn to make war on women and children and peaceful institutions. That is the difference between the Nazi gangster and the soldier of freedom. The Hitler War is deliberately made on the helpless and innocent population. It is the Nazi delight to destroy old women and little children, and for none of us is life worth living until the fangs of this snake have been drawn.

QUEER

WE hear of a queer thing that has just happened on a Kent hilltop, where a poor little earwig creeping over some Roman tiles was killed by coming into sudden contact with a cannon ball which was fired against England in the Spanish Armada.

Barbarians Back in the World

THUS said the New York Times the other day of the men who love conquest:

The barbarians come again, worthless for any trade but war, incompetent in any act but destruction.

They are unfit even to tread the dust where Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle walked, where Sophocles and Euripides exalted the human soul, where Phidias carved beauty into marble, where Demosthenes cried out for freedom, where men listened in wonder to the "surge and thunder of the Odyssey." Nevertheless, they are there.

It is, as we all know, a fact that five times in the last 77 years German armies have invaded their neighbours. In 1864 they invaded Denmark and seized one of its provinces; two years later it was Austria; in 1870 it was France. In 1914 it was France again and Belgium; and Poland in 1939, when the German machine began to masticate the rest of Europe.

It is only a year since Robert Ley, Nazi Labour Front Leader, declared in a speech at Bayreuth:

War is no punishment, but rather the ultimate and most beautiful test of strength of the German people and their fitness to live.

So all the world suffers from the megalomania of one race.

Beautiful Phrases

A Liverpool reader interested in our collection of beautiful phrases sends us this collection of her own.

BLESSED are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

A still, small voice.

Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

This precious stone set in a silver sea.

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

The sundown splendid and serene.

Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart.

The moan of doves in immemorial elms.

The tender grace of a day that is dead.

To where, beyond these voices, there is peace.

And all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

JUST AN IDEA

How many of us must agree with Dickens when he declared that he would rather have the affectionate regard of his fellow men than heaps and mines of gold.

A Boy Puts in a Word

One of the noblest institutions stricken by Nazi bombs is Clubland, beloved of thousands of poor boys in Camberwell and known to all readers of the C N as a Temple of Boyhood on which over a hundred thousand pounds have been spent.

We are moved to print this vision by one of its members, who imagines himself at a meeting of all the bombed churches in London. We, too, with him, believe that the spirit is more than the form, and pray that we may in future hear less of denominations and creeds and more of Christian lives and deeds.

IN a crypt at St Paul's the spirits of all the churches which had been destroyed by raids met to consider the future.

At the head of the long table is old St Paul, as they call the spirit of the Cathedral. He is a sturdy old gentleman. Every lift of his bushy eyebrows and every shrug of his massive shoulders bespeak a power and will to conquer given to few. Yet there is a cheery smile beneath his patriarchal beard, and a smudge of soot on his nose which everyone pretends not to notice.

The Proud Old Abbey

Next to him is Westminster Abbey. The Abbey, tall, grey-haired, austere, benevolent. His talk of kings and coronations flows as freely as Paul's talk of aldermen and lord mayors. When a suburban church boasted of having had Edward the Eighth at a service, Westminster merely smiled and added that he had been on good terms with the other seven.

There is a whole host of others round the table, well-dressed, beautifully turned out fellows from the West End, shabby and overdressed chaps from the Elephant and Angel districts, feeble old fellows from the City whose shrunken frames have not known the nourishment of a good congregation since Clerkenwell lost its green Green. There are conceited spirits from the suburbs and queer folk from new housing areas, neither suburb nor slum.

The Boy By the Door

Down near the door sits a boy. He has his knees drawn up under his chin and gazes with bright eyes at the long rows stretching before him as he strains to hear what St Paul is saying: "This is the motion before the meeting by my reverend friend the Abbey of Westminster—that seats be offered to spirits of churches and chapels destroyed in whole or in part, or in such a way that a congregation be no longer containable within its walls."

There were long and bitter wranglings by the spirits at the mention of churches and chapels and bodies and denominations (as if burning and bombing had taught them nothing), and at the mention of uniting and working together there was an uproar. Slowly old St Paul stands up: "Gentlemen, remember whereof you are the spirits," and at this moment the boy spirit uncurls himself and walks in silence the length of the room. None knows who he

is or why he moves, but every eye is on him. As he goes straight into the light they can see that he is straight and strong, yet as he comes more into the brightness in which St Paul sits, watching him the observant spirits notice that his clothes and hair have been touched by fire and that he has been crying. Then questions are fired at him:

Who are you? What is your denomination? What is your congregation? Have you been bombed?

They are fired in rapid succession by St Martin's-in-the-Fields, the secretary of the meeting. The boy turns his smiling gaze upon St Martin and says, "I am from a church or chapel—"

"Which? Be exact," cuts in a voice.

"Does that matter?" says the boy.

Battle After Battle

The unexpected reply confounds the unseen spirit and there is silence as the lad continues. "My church or chapel is dedicated to youngsters." "What denomination?" asked St Martin. "I don't know," replied the lad, and a titter of amusement sweeps round the assembly as the boy sought hard for words: "Well, the girls and boys never seemed to talk about such things. There was so much to do. They were too busy to bother about denominations. At first it took all their time to create me. Then there was so much to fight—dirt, evil, things dark and unholy without and within. There was so much to find out about themselves. They had to discover God and learn how to find Him in others and to share things with others. They had to find the money for my body, to make it very beautiful. That took many years. It has been battle after battle for God. We were very busy—always busy."

St Martin makes brief notes. St Paul moves a little from his chairman's seat, and then, turning to the boy, asks, "Were you burnt or hit?"

Burned Out

The lad hangs his head and almost inaudibly replies, "Burned out," and there are conventional murmurs of sympathy.

The lad throws back his head, and now finds inspiration in sympathetic glances as he tries to explain his confidence that those who have been destroyed will live again.

"I took nearly twenty years to build. I cost tears and sweat to my founder. At times I was

Under the Editor's Table

THE United States should take over the Atlantic, declares a writer. But he doesn't say what.

BLINDS, we are told, are popular for blackout. Who'd have thought it?

RUSSIA can laugh at itself. Also at Hitler.

A WRITER says that an old Brighton organ has found its way into Somerset. With several stops.

CANADA is building four hundred hurricanes. Germany will get the wind up.

SCIENTISTS are anxious to find what part dust plays in carrying germs. Sounds like dirty work.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If soldiers have a March in September

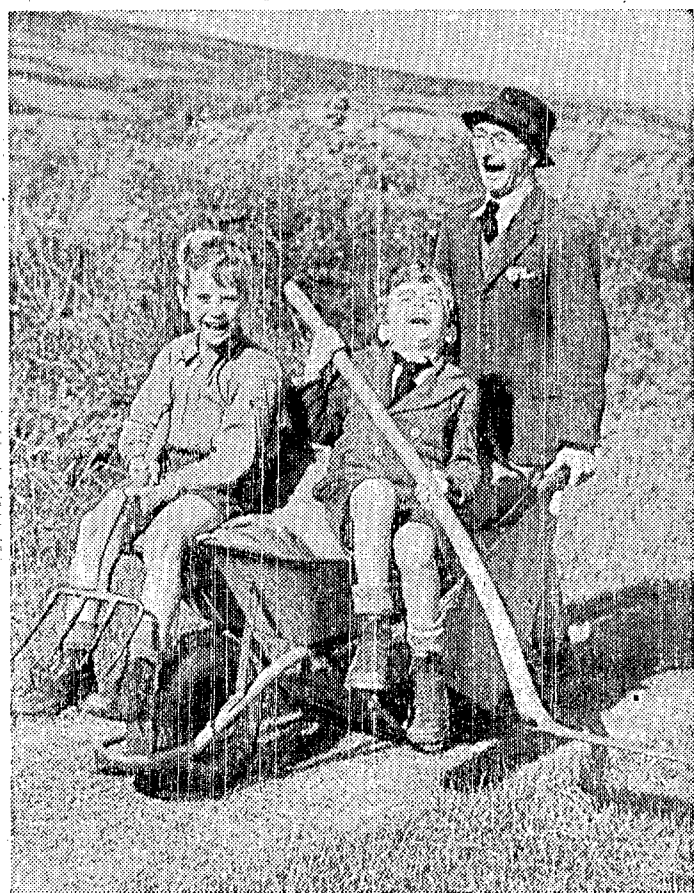
GIRLS of the ATS have regular foot inspection. And are always ready to lend a hand.

THE Nazis won't allow French on menu cards in Holland. Nor much else, either.

WE hear of a man who went to the Lost Property Office and said he had lost his train.

FUEL can be made of wheat. But it goes against the grain.

Are They Downhearted?



A Devon farmer and his evacuees

near to death before I was seen of man. The path was strewn with obstacles. Few made my birth easy. Many tried to make it impossible. Yet in the end I lived. Within my walls were crowds of eager youths. My life had begun.

"Then, while yet possessed of the first thrill of being, I died—my body died. In a night my life burned out. My founder saw me, his lifework, in ruins before him. Yet (and here is the mystery) a thousand suffered with him and mourned to see me go as if they had loved me as he did. There is a vacant place where my body stood, yet those who love me despair not at my fate, but swear that I shall rise again."

There was a little pause.

"That is also what you have said, Paul, and I say it with you, *Resurgam*. I shall rise again because youth demands it. Let all here whose places have been destroyed know this—if you were loved and needed you will live again. How, when, and where, and suchlike details, I do not know, yet love will find the answers for you and for me. I beg you to trust yourselves to those who love you."

There is a deep silence. The spirits think of their own people,

summing up their chances, smiling as they feel cheered by the knowledge of such love, gloomy as they remember love long grown cold. St Paul at length breaks the silence: "My lad, what you have said makes me proud to welcome you to this Council. You have a strength and freshness that we need. You must sit with us."

"No, I cannot rest here. I but looked in as I passed. You are all leaders of denominations. Your spirits can rest here until you are sent for. I shall never be called until I go back to the place of my birth. I must return to him who conceived me and dwell with him until he shall have need of me again. Those who loved me are scattered. My hopes, my future, my life, depend on my founder. I must go to him for he depends on me."

The lad runs lightly to the door and there pauses to wave to the others.

"Your name?" calls St Paul.

Back goes the proud head again, and the old crypt is filled with brave laughter as the lad leaps through the door and out of sight.

Leaving one word ringing like music.

"My name? I am *Clubland*."

These Shall Give You Peace & Length of Days

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments, for length of days, and long life, and peace shall they add to thee.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths. Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord, and depart from evil. My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of His correction, for whom the Lord loveth He correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding, for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Proverbs

Last Words to a Brother

Love my memory, cherish my friends, but, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of the Creator, in me beholding the end of this world, with all her vanities.

Sir Philip Sidney's last words to his brother

LIFE'S TREASURES

ENGLAND in Springtime,
Hawthorn in bloom,
Sunshine and showers,
Roses in June.

Rambles in Winter,
White country lanes,
Holiday raptures,
Big ships and trains.

Breezes on uplands,
Music in flight,
Homesteads in valleys,
Starshine at night.

Rhymes of a poet,
Songs of a friend,
Dreams of an artist,
Joys without end.

Memory's garden,
Fireside armchair,
Books in the corner,
Loved ones all here.

Kisses at bedtime,
Sweet, happy rest:
These are life's treasures,
Richest and best.

Lewis Richmond

Nothing Better For a Free Man

Of all the occupations from which gain is secured there is none better than agriculture, nothing more productive, nothing sweeter, nothing more worthy of a free man.

Cicero

THE WISEST THING

The wisest thing, we suppose, That a man can do for his land, Is the work that lies under his nose With the tools that lie under his hand.

He Knows You Not

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful mid-night hours
Weeping upon his bed hath sate,
He knows you not, ye heavenly Powers.

Goethe the German



CARRY ON

WOULD YOU SEE ENGLAND?

No man at any time,
Not from the dawn of her prime

Up to this hour where we stand,
Proud of our land,
Proud, proud of our Motherland,
Has seen great England's face,
Has ever truly said, Now, by God's grace,
I look upon my England and behold

How wondrous beautiful she is,
and strong, and bold.

She is invisible. This gracious isle

Is but the garment that she wears awhile,
And those far-Englands scattered through the seas
But thoughts of hers she sows upon the breeze,
Herself unseen.

She is a Soul celestial and serene,

Immortal Spirit born of God;
She wears no crown, she wields no rod,

Nor seeks an empire, nor desires the pride

Of warlike legions harnessed at her side;

But in the thronging cities, and the roar

Of engines throbbing on from shore to shore,

And in the glory of our pomp and show,

And in the shadow of our want and woe,

And by the muddied rivers, and the dumb

Anguish of alley, rookery, and slum,

And in the poet's heart, the statesman's brain,

And in the hope of Science, and each gain

By labour won in constant strife With hostile Nature and opposing life,

Lifts evermore her hands in prayer,

Sees through the stars a shining stair,

Where souls descending and ascending raise

To God alone their hymns of praise,

And longs in all her toils of death and birth

For heaven itself to come to earth.

Would you see England?—then, be wise,

Kneel down, and bow your head, and close your eyes.

Harold Begbie

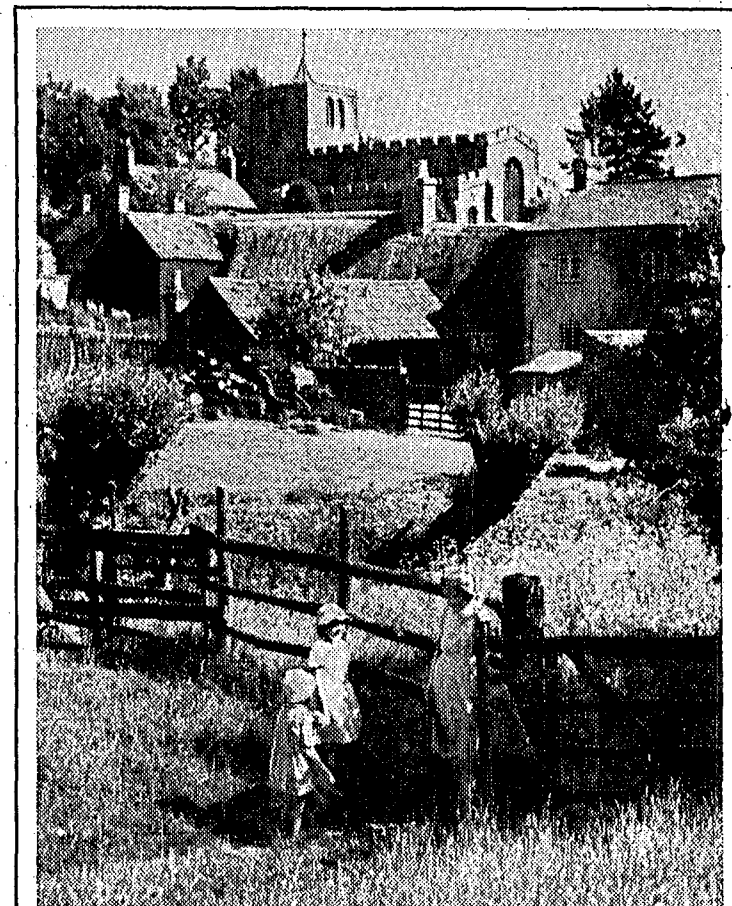
CHAUCER'S COUCH

CHAUCE spread his couch in May in an arbour on the margin of the grass, that he might wake to see the daisies unfolding their petals.

The Green Earth

I AM in love with this green earth; the face Of town and country—the unspeakable rural solitudes, The sweet security of streets.

Charles Lamb



A Dreamy Corner of England—A peep over the rooftops at the ancient church of Thurleigh in Bedfordshire

The Biggest Electric Windmill

At the top of a tremendous steel tower 110 feet high, giant windmill sails, each 65 feet long and twice as broad as the height of a man, sail merrily round and generate a thousand kilowatts of electric energy, enough power to light two thousand homes. It is the biggest wind-power plant ever built, and has been erected on the top of a mountain near Rutland, U.S.A., known as Grandpa's Knob.

The tips of the wings speed round in a good breeze at the rate of three miles a minute, and

they are made so as to shrink, as it were, if a sudden gust of wind strikes them, so that in a gale they adjust themselves automatically to the wind pressure.

This mammoth windmill with its glistening blades of stainless steel will be the first plant generating electricity from the wind ever to be used for public utility service. High tension current at 2300 volts is being delivered to overhead supply cables that will carry the power from the air to homes and factories.

A GREAT DREAM STOPPED BY OUR CIVIL WAR

John Comenius and His Big Idea

It is 300 years next week since the famous Bohemian, Comenius, came to England at the invitation of Parliament.

The Long Parliament was deeply dissatisfied with the English schools as they were, and was interested in the news of the great reforms which were being carried out in schools on the Continent. The author of these reforms was John Amos Comenius, a Bishop of the Moravian Church (a Czech, as we should call him now), and Parliament asked him to come over and help to carry out similar reforms in this country.

The education of Comenius himself had been, in his own words, a miserable waste. He was left an orphan at ten. His guardians appropriated to themselves any small fortune left by his father, and he had no proper schooling till he was 16, so that he was of an age to see the wrongness of schools as they were. "Slaughterhouses of the young," he called them. The thousand-and-one miles of Latin grammar had to be learned by rote in Latin before the boys knew a word of the language, and when that was done the boys were set to translate Latin authors without any dictionaries, and if they failed the remedy was the rod.

*Qui, quae, quod,
Fetch me the rod.*

The rod is, as all wise men know, an admission on the teacher's part that he cannot teach.

A Prolific Writer

Comenius belonged to the Moravian Church, which traced back to the martyr John Huss, who was to Bohemia what John Wycliffe was to us. Comenius was determined to take orders. It was a hard struggle to get his training, but his strong will-power brought him through.

There were still two years before he was old enough to be ordained, and he became a teacher, but refused to follow the traditional course. He used the mother tongue, made his own textbook, and composed a Bohemian dictionary. These were his first publications. They were followed in the course of his life by no fewer than 125 others. No writer of his time made more use of the printing press. The books were mostly religious and educational. Of his educational work the best known is his Great Didactic, in which he thought out the basic principles of all education, and from these sketched out the whole scheme of education stage by stage from birth, embodying all that was sound in existing schemes. The Great Didactic gave Comenius the leading place among educational thinkers. It was translated in his own day into twelve European languages.

Gateways Unbarred

His many textbooks were written to enable teachers to carry out his system. Latin was still practically the key to all knowledge. His Latin textbook (The Gateway of Language Unbarred) was followed by The Gateway of Facts Unbarred, a manual of natural science. These, too, were translated and reproduced everywhere, more than

half the schoolboys in Europe using them.

It was this reputation, as wide as the civilised world, which led the English Parliament to invite him to give them his counsel.

What were the new principles for which he stood?

He wanted every child to be educated, poor as well as rich, girls as well as boys. That was, he said, God's will.

Knowledge For All

Other writers, even John Milton, regarded higher education as a privilege for boys of rank and wealth. Girls did not count, except some favoured few like Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth and Lady Margaret Beaufort. Though Milton made his own daughters read to him he would not allow them to learn; they must read mechanically without understanding.

Comenius said that Latin and Greek must not monopolise education. Francis Bacon, whom Comenius held in the highest esteem, had shown the way for man to achieve mastery over Nature. Children must be taught the rudiments of Nature. The school must unbar the gateway which gave access to all knowledge.

He summed up his message in three words, Omnes Omnia Omnino—All knowledge for all people with all thoroughness.

When he came to London, under the hospitable roof of Samuel Hartlib, to whom Milton dedicated his Tractate on Education, he met freely with all the intellectual leaders in Church and State, especially those who had responded to the new world of knowledge opened out by Francis Bacon.

The Universal College

In his last book, The New Atlantis, Bacon had imagined a Universal College in which the best minds of all nations might devote themselves to the extension of knowledge in every branch for the welfare of all mankind. This was the thought which more and more dominated Comenius. Nowhere had he met so many men broad-minded enough to acclaim the idea in England. London seemed to him to be the right site for that great College, for the Continent was desolated by the long-drawn Thirty Years' War. The College was to have correspondents in all other countries, keeping it in touch with all their investigations and discoveries. It was to be a clearing-house for the world's foremost thinkers, a treasure-house of all knowledge.

For this idea Comenius coined a new word, Pansophia, the



encyclopedia of knowledge. He said it would be the Salvation of the World. The idea took such a strong hold of the Hartlib group of thinkers that the Government all but promised to give them the great College of Chelsea with its revenues for the realisation of the scheme. As for its Head, was not Comenius, so well known in Europe and with a mind of such wide compass, marked out by destiny for the post?

But destiny was against these dreamers. The quarrel between King and Parliament came to a head. Within a month came the news of the Irish rebellion and the appalling massacre of Protestants. Comenius was told to wait. He waited till the King set up his standard at Nottingham and the Civil War began. No hope was there now for reforming schools or founding a Universal College. Comenius left London and took on the task of reforming the whole school system of Sweden. But the group which had been so keen on the Universal College soon after the Restoration persuaded Charles the Second to found a Royal Society for the Advancement of Science, and similar societies were soon founded in other countries.

Writing to the End

These societies from the first corresponded, no matter whether there was war or peace, and so secured in no small measure that international cooperation in the cause of science which Comenius had so much at heart.

The rest of his life he lived in exile. The Treaty of Westphalia which brought the Thirty Years' War to a close extended tolerance to all other Protestants but not to the Moravians, and the sufferings of these Brethren were manifold. As their bishop, Comenius gave up his time to getting all he could for their relief. His own home was burned and all his books with it. But he went on writing to the end.

He died at Amsterdam in 1670. It was a sad end. War had kept back his great ideas in England (another grudge we have against the Stuarts); but one satisfaction this brave man had. He knew that quite half of the schools in Europe were no longer "slaughter-houses." He had opened the Gates of Knowledge for their scholars.

V NEWS

The South African Mint is striking bronze and silver Vs to be sold in aid of the war comforts fund.

A Derbyshire garden has been laid out with flowers in the form of Vs.

A 90-year-old Leeds cabinet-maker, George Grimshaw, is carving Vs out of pieces of English oak, to be worn as tie-pins or buttonholes.

Our Lovely Trees

THE CINDER TIP THAT RUINS THEM

We have received these letters concerning the article on Trees which appeared in the C.N. the other day.

DEAR EDITOR, I have just read the C.N. article on What Shall We Do About Our Lovely Trees? Many trees are being cut down to take the place of timber which cannot be imported, but many are being destroyed to no purpose.

This village of Washington, which should be famous because George Washington's ancestors lived here, is a colliery village, but, unlike many such villages, it is not only ancient but almost beautiful because of the many trees on either side of the road, in the churchyard, and in the hall and rectory grounds. When the new rectory was built small coppices were planted to screen the house.

Just south of the village is a colliery, with its steadily-growing tip of waste. In the last few years this tip has fired by self-combustion, and little or nothing is being done to control the fire and the fumes arising from it. Now the new coppices of coniferous trees, and the many fine deciduous trees about the village, are dying; the leaves are falling weeks earlier than usual because the trees are parched by the fumes. This once pleasant village will in a few years become a typical pit village unless this can be stopped.

A public meeting was held and a delegation appealed to the colliery company on the ground that the fumes were bad for human beings, but as nothing has been done for that urgent reason I suppose nothing will be done to save the trees.

A similar thing has happened at a neighbouring colliery on the edge of a great estate. The owner of the estate, a director

of the company, refused to allow the destruction of the trees in his park, a local beauty spot, and steps were taken to put the fire out and prevent its recurrence, and I am told on good authority that the cost was less than £500—a mere nothing to a big coal company.

What one colliery company can do all should be able to do. We may have to face the need of using home-grown timber, but it is a shame that it should be wantonly destroyed.

I expect this happens elsewhere. Industrialists should be roused to their sense of responsibility for preserving the beauty of the country.

The planners of housing estates cut down trees wholesale and wonder why the local youth destroy the saplings they plant to take the place of fine old trees. They little realise that they have set an example of indifference.

Can you rouse the conscience of the people in this matter?

KENNETH S. RICH,
Assistant Priest of Washington

DEAR EDITOR, I was delighted to read your article on Our Lovely Trees. With you, I regret the necessity for cutting so many of them. I write to suggest that everyone owning or renting a bungalow should plant one tree in the north-east corner of their garden, however small that be.

This would soon turn a suburb into a very pleasant-looking place instead of a waste of roofing. Lord Salvesen has urged that when ground is marked off for bungalows the landlord should plant this tree. A contract for a nurseryman to do this would not cost much and would enhance the value of the property.

A RETIRED MINISTER

A Glass of Milk Powder

WITH the aid of America, and with an improvement in the shipping situation, we are making a store of powdered milk with which to face the winter shortage.

In the towns we shall in some cases have to be content with this milk powder now and again in substitution for fresh milk. It is therefore good to know that it is scientifically approved and quite palatable.

To reduce the powder to fluid milk it is gradually stirred into water at the rate of two ounces to the pint.

Fortunately the milk supply is not likely to be as short as was at one time imagined. The

demand for milk has naturally increased with the meat shortage, and this increased demand has to be cut down, despite an excellent hay harvest. The shortage of butter and cheese imports has also to be reckoned with. Putting all considerations together, there will not be enough fresh milk to meet the nation's demand; hence the need to rely upon a proportion of preserved milk.

It will relieve the minds of many people to know that the national store of condensed milk and milk in powder now reaches the imposing total of the equivalent of 150 million gallons of fluid milk.

The Canyon Deep in the Atlantic

A SCALE model has been made for the American Natural History Museum of a huge gash in the ocean bottom that will never be seen till the Atlantic runs dry.

The gash is like the Grand Canyon of Arizona, as deep, and 50 miles long, and is off the eastern coast of America, where the Hudson River, after its long journey from the Great Lakes, runs past New York into the

sea. The river, deep and wide and strong, has scooped out this unseen submarine canyon, which has been explored throughout its length and width and depth by the electric echo-sounding devices, which, besides estimating ocean depths by the time taken by a signal to be echoed from the bottom, can detect the approach of icebergs—and submarines.

The Swiss Family Book

WE have often directed attention to Switzerland as a supremely happy illustration of the folly of war. Within her peaceful borders four distinct peoples live under a federal system.

In the domestic sphere also Switzerland offers us many successful experiments in citizenship. Not the least of these is the *Family Book* which is presented to every man on his marriage. It recognises him as the founder of a new family, and the book is the sign and symbol of his citizenship as a married man who undertakes new and serious responsibilities.

The book contains ruled spaces in which are recorded the marriage itself and thereafter the growth of the family. Twelve spaces are provided for the names of children. In this

respect it serves the good purpose to which the old Family Bible was usually put in our own land.

The Swiss Family Book is, however, much more than a record of the family and the fate of its members—their births, marriages, and so on. It advises the citizen what to do in emergency, and what are his duties as a responsible man. It advises him on his legal position and helps him to obey the laws of his country.

The book itself is well printed and bound and is illustrated with a number of beautifully executed allegorical drawings.

Now that the British citizen has an identity card and a national registration number, may we hope our statesmen will think the Swiss Family Book worthy of imitation?

Country Tales

Here are some more stories taken from the King's England books, the Editor's survey of our land, published by Hodder and Stoughton.

The Lamp in the Storm

WHEN Jonathan Darby came to be vicar at East Dean in Sussex in 1706 there was no lighthouse at Beachy Head, although between Birling Gap and Eastbourne submerged rocks have little mercy on ships. Every great storm meant the addition of some unnamed graves to the many in his churchyard, and Parson Darby wondered if some of the men might not be saved.

He did more than wonder. With his own hands he hollowed out a room in the face of the cliff, well above the high-tide line, and constructed a sloping tunnel with steps to lead up to it from the beach. There, night after night when the seas ran high, he hung a lamp outside his cave and waited within, sheltered in a side recess from the winds, to help any sailors who might be struggling to reach shore. Many times when a vessel was dashed on to the rocks Parson Darby saved them in his cave.

The Eleven Dragons

THREE things in the Westmorland village of Clifton remind us of its place in history. One is an old tree known as the Rebel Oak; another is the churchyard in which 11 soldiers were buried after fighting on Clifton Moor; the third is a tiny pink cottage where the Young Pretender is said to have slept, if sleep ever came to him when he was retreating to Scotland. The burial of the 11 dragons is recorded in the register, and it is on record elsewhere that before they were buried the clerk's wife stripped their holland shirts from them, and "that woman never did a day's good after."

The Arrow From an Unseen Hand

SIR REGINALD BRAYBROOKE had been one night to visit the good Lord Cobham at Luddesdown in Kent, and was returning to Strood by a lonely road when an arrow struck him. He was pierced to the heart and was found dead on the bank of the Medway. The countryside was searched, but by no means could the assassin be discovered.

Years later a monk was summoned to a deathbed at a lonely house near Cobham. It was a bitter winter's night, and on his way home the monk sought shelter at a mean house in Luddesdown. The wretched place had but one tenant, an old woman sick unto death. As the monk came to her bedside he was struck by the rich covering across the bed. It was none other than the cloak of Sir Reginald Braybrooke; he knew it well, for he had been confessor to the murdered knight. The woman confessed that her husband, imagining himself wronged, had shot the mysterious arrow.

To the Heroes of Peace

AT Staveley in Derbyshire is a lamp burning for ever, not in memory of any hero of war, not to mark the memory of some loved one gone, but as a tribute to men who go in peril for us every day. It is a miner's lamp burning for ever near a piece of coal in Staveley church.

MARS AND HIS MARKINGS

Their Seasonal Change in Colour

MARS, writes the C.N. Astronomer, is now by far the brightest "star" in the late evening sky, where he may be found in the south-east after about 9 o'clock, his brilliant orange-red tint making identification easy.

At present rapidly approaching us at the rate of 200,000 miles a day, Mars will reach his nearest point to the Earth on October 3, when he will be 38,130,000 miles away and the nearest of the celestial host except the Moon. Her presence just then will dim the radiance of Mars somewhat, but a few days later she will be out of the way.

It is now midsummer in the southern hemisphere of Mars, and this is turned toward us just sufficiently to present his southern Polar Snow-Cap, as shown in the picture. This shows the side of the planet which has the striking feature often called the Eye of Mars. It appears as an elliptical "island" with a very dark centre—the Solis Lacus or Lake of the Sun—resembling the pupil of an eye, and is shown in the lower-left-hand quadrant of the picture. As Mars rotates in 24 hours 37 minutes and 22 seconds, this feature is carried across in about 12 hours to reappear at regular intervals and look down upon us.

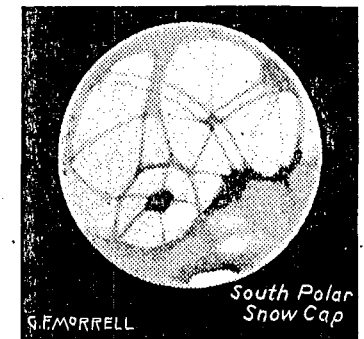
Like an Australia, it lies some way below the Martian equator, but it appears almost land-locked except along its southern shore.

Areas of Vegetation?

About 1000 miles wide and about 800 from north to south, it is separated from the vast orange-coloured desert regions by the narrow channels, or belts, which appear of a light greyish tint and are regarded by some astronomers as irrigated areas of vegetation. Only the darkest areas, as shown in the picture, which are quite small in extent, can be regarded as permanent seas; for they are always there and do not vary in tint from a deep bluish-grey. The other lighter grey areas and streaks, on the contrary, vary considerably from season to season on Mars, and are now considered by the great majority of astronomers to be regions where vegetation develops, flourishes, and presents a greenish-grey tint as observed from the Earth; these die down with the oncoming Martian winter and brownish-grey tints take their place.

Quite two-thirds of the Martian surface, and chiefly the equatorial zone, appear to be arid desert wastes, orange in tint and with the much-discussed "canals" or channels

of irrigation and narrow strips of fertility stretching across them from one water area to another. It is this fact, and also that they usually follow straight lines and so take the shortest route from one centre of fertility and water to another, that suggests that they are the work of intelligent beings. Nature never, geographically, takes this course, but only man, as the difference between the courses of rivers



The angle at which Mars is now presented, showing his South Polar Snow-Cap and the Eye of Mars (or Lake of the Sun)

as compared with canals testifies. On Mars it would appear that these intelligent beings are economising with their limited water supply and directing much of the water produced from the melting of the polar snows—which are much more extensive than the Earth's—from the sub-polar regions to the warmer equatorial regions, which obviously need it.

Owing to the much greater length of the Martian seasons, due to the length of his year, which is 231 months, or nearly twice the length of our year, the differences between summer and winter temperatures are very much greater, with accentuated extremes of climate resulting from the greater length and the fact that Mars is at a much greater distance from the Sun. This averages 141,500,000 miles as compared with the Earth's 93,000,000, so the Sun as seen from Mars appears only two-thirds of the width that he appears to us, while, on an average, Mars receives only about 45 per cent of the amount of heat received by an equal area of our world.

G. F. M.

FAIRIES

Dr Barnardo's Homes are having a busy time. Recently they have been shepherding little raid victims from the South of England to Stapleton Tower, a refuge overlooking the Solway Firth.

There they have gathered a number of young children who have played in green fields for the first time, and have seen lovely gardens with amazement.

But what were these bairns to do on wet winter days and in the long hours of darkness? It was decided to ask the fairies.

Most of the children do not believe in fairies. They know all about rats in cellars, but nothing about fairies in woods. However, they were ready to believe in fairies if the fairies could "do their stuff," as they said.

The fairies did. Games and gifts of all kinds arrived at Stapleton Tower. It is an open secret that the fairy was the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir Patrick Dollan.

Wool and the Winter

The wool shortage, due partly to diminished imports and partly to the great call for uniforms, has made great difficulties for the civilian who is short of warm woollen clothing for the winter. The hosier tells us he has no heavy woollen underwear, and the tailor is unable to meet more than a small demand for really warm overcoats.

The overcoat question is settled for the majority by wearing old ones. The underwear problem is more serious, especially for the aged and the weak. Women are endeavouring to help with their knitting needles, but even here a shortage of suitable wools has to be faced. The only thing is to patch and darn old ones, for the coupon system makes it impossible to get warmth by wearing two vests. Miracles are being accomplished in what may be called building a new vest around a hole.



Coventry Carries On

On the ruins of one of Coventry's main streets business is being carried on once more in these corrugated iron shops

The Almighty Hop

A C.N. paragraph recording the amount of sugar and barley set aside for the drink trade adds colour to an allegation made by a speaker at a meeting of a Kent local authority.

This man, who is engaged in voluntary work among the hop-pickers, said that it was only the power of the Drink Trade which had made it possible to bring thousands of pickers into coastal areas this year. He added that emergency feeding plans, worked out with so much care by willing helpers, had been thrown into chaos for the period of the hop harvest by the coming of the hoppers.

From other reports it does seem that the power behind the hop-growing trade is able to

work miracles. Extra supplies of tinned foods which have been short for many months are provided for the pickers; free transport from towns many miles away has been found; an eight-ounce cheese ration is given, and we hear of increases in the quota of cigarettes, tobacco, and beer.

That such concessions should be made in wartime for the benefit of a trade which can hardly be called vital to the welfare of the nation is inconceivable.

We are inclined to go much farther still and say that the presence of thousands of extra women, children, and old men in danger areas might, in case of emergency, be suicidal.

Blackout Bonfires

In spite of great care astonishing accidents occur from time to time in areas where extreme precautions are taken to guard against air raids. The other night lamps set to mark the position of road excavations and other obstructions suddenly burst into flames, and eight great bonfires were burning at once before police got in touch with the authorities.

It seemed that some luckless hand had mixed petrol with the fuel oil, and the heat of the burning lamps had volatilised and set it on fire.

SNATCHED FROM THE RUINS

More than ten thousand tons of metal have been salvaged from Manchester's bombed buildings, and sold at prices varying from £3 to £60 a ton.

Four bells from the Royal Exchange were the most valuable metal recovered.

Millions of bricks and thousands of tons of wood are being used to repair damaged houses, and housewives have bought hundreds of tons of firewood at 7s 6d a ton.

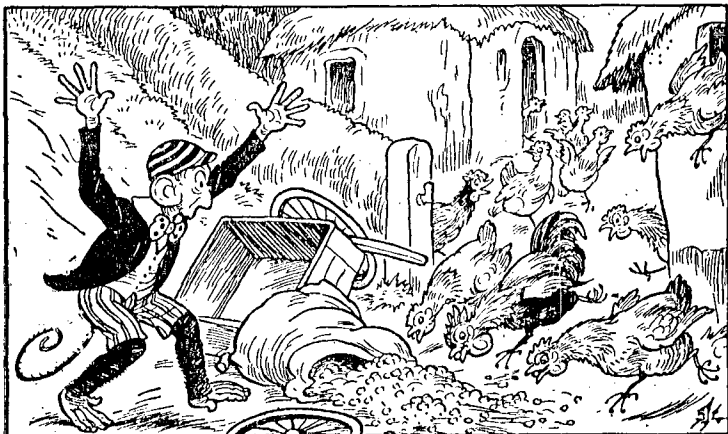
TWO GOOD THINGS

SOMEONE said to Solon, the Greek philosopher:
"It is a good thing to possess what we desire."
"Yes (said he), but it is a better thing to desire only what we possess."

The Miser and the Doctor

"I'm very ill," said Skinflint, once essaying
To get a doctor's counsel without paying;
"I see it," quoth the wily old physician;
"You're in a most deplorable condition."
"But tell me," cried the miser, "for dear sake,
Tell me, good doctor, what I ought to take."
"Take! As to that, why, take at any price,"
Replied the doctor, "take medical advice."

Jacko Fetches the Corn



FATHER wanted corn for the fowls, so Jacko got a truck and went to fetch it. He started back at a run, but halfway down the hill the truck shed a wheel! Over it went, and out shot the sack, scattering the corn all over the ground. It wasn't Father's fowls that got that little feast, alas.

Do You Live in Devonshire?

DEVONSHIRE is the shire or district of Devon, the modern spelling of the old Welsh Dyvnaint, which means "the land of the dark ravines or deep valleys." Some authorities, however, think it is derived from the Damnonii, the name of the ancient tribe that inhabited Devon.

Right Way to Write Write

WRITE we know is written right
When we see it written write;
But when we see write written
right
We know it is not written right;
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write, for so tis written right.

MYSTERY

TWENTY are six of us;
Twice three are three of us;
Nine are but four of us.
O, what a deep mystery!
Twelve are just six of us;
Eight are but five of us;
Five are now four of us.
What can we possibly be?
Answer next week

A Yell

Do you think, professor (said a musically ambitious youth), that I can ever do anything with my voice?
Well (was the cautious reply), it may come in handy in case of fire.

Splitting Hairs

A VERY small boy walked into a hairdressing saloon the other day. "I want a haircut," he said, offering the barber fourpence.

"Sorry," replied the barber. "You need another twopence now."

The boy was taken aback. He looked worried. Then his face lit up. "All right," he said, "cut fourpennyworth off and leave twopennyworth on!"
He got the haircut.

How Catherine de Medici Wrote Her Name

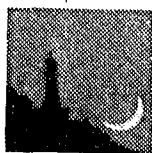
CATHERINE DE MEDICI, wife of Henry the Second of France, was the evil genius of her three sons, who ascended the throne in turn. She had all the talents of the Medici family, but her policy was ruthless and tortuous. She is notorious for the wicked part she played in instigating the Massacre of St Bartholomew's Day. She was born at Florence in 1519 and died at Blois in 1589.

Strange Visitor

THE lighthouse that stands on the Lizard
Was visited once by a wizard,
Who handed the keeper
A nice carpet-sweeper,
Then swept off himself in a blizzard.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is low in the south-west, and Mars is in the south-east. In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening, September 23.



A GREYHOUND

THE head of a snake,
The neck of a drake,
A back like a beam,
A side like a bream,
The tail of a rat,
And the foot of a cat.

By Wynkyn de Worde, 1496

On Hire

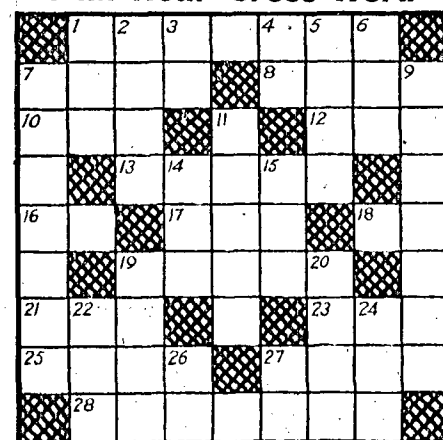


THERE was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed all his teeth till he bent 'em;
When they asked him the cost
Of what he had lost,
He replied, "I can't say, for I rent 'em."

Reading Across. 1 The great light is on to preserve this. 7 To puzzle. 8 A yard. 10 Night-flying bird. 12 A cereal plant. 13 To overturn. 16 French for and. 17 Wrath. 18 French for he. 19 Prepared. 21 Fear mingled with admiration. 23 Skill. 25 A small British duck. 27 A sloping bank, in Scotland. 28 A mournful event.

Reading Down. 1 Not high. 2 An island. 3 To have a real state. 4 Royal Academician. 5 To run. 6 Yes. 7 An animal of the weasel family. 9 One trained in exercises of agility. 11 Having become wild from a state of domestication, as animals. 14 To contend. 15 A primary colour. 19 Hindmost. 20 Three feet. 22 Soaked with water. 24 A line of light. 26 French for the. 27 Same as 3 down. Asterisk indicates abbreviation. *Answer next week*

Half-Hour Cross Word



DREAMLAND

I DREAMED a dream next Tuesday week,
Beneath the apple trees;
I thought my eyes were big pork pies
And my nose was Stilton cheese.
The clock struck twenty minutes to six,
When a frog sat on my knee;
I asked him to lend me eighteen-pence,
But he borrowed a shilling of me.

Say This Quickly

Try to repeat the following sentences as quickly as you can.
SEVEN Severn salmon swallowing several shrimps.
The sheikh's sixth sheep is sick.

Ici on Parle Français

L'Excuse

Charles Lamb, si renommé pour son charme personnel et l'esprit révélé dans ses fameux essais, n'était pas aussi célèbre pour sa ponctualité. Il arrivait toujours en retard au bureau de la Compagnie des Indes Orientales, où il travailla pendant bien des années.

Un jour, son chef le réprimanda ainsi: "Vous arrivez bien en retard, Monsieur Lamb."

"Oui," répondit Lamb, en souriant, "mais il faut vous rappeler que je m'en vais toujours de très bonne heure!"

WHAT OF THE ATLANTIC CHARTER?

How Shall We Divide Up the World's Wealth?

Boy. I am much interested in what our Prime Minister calls the Atlantic Charter, the Declaration to the world that he made with President Roosevelt. Points Four and Five seem very important if the world is ever to arrive at the sweet content for all men that you encourage me to hope for.

Man. Yes, they are important because they aim not merely at avoiding war, but at helping the world to make the most of its natural wealth. Point Four speaks of giving to all States, "great or small, victors or vanquished," equal access to the trade and raw materials of the world, and Point Five speaks of bringing about the fullest economic collaboration between all nations to secure a higher standard of life and social security.

Boy. These are splendid aims, but how are they to be secured?

Man. The Declaration was one of principles only; it could not go into the mass of detail involved in putting them into practice.

Boy. Are there great difficulties in the matter?

Man. Yes, very great indeed; chief among them are the enormous differences between nations in natural resources, climate, geographical position, access to the sea, and above all in the possession of fertile land. Thus, America has an

enormous area, great mineral wealth, and access to the two great oceans. Russia has also a splendid area loaded with desirable natural wealth, but she is almost entirely shut off from the sea. Our own land is small and poor in resources save for coal; but we have a fine geographical position, and have used it to seek and to find overseas the land and material resources we are denied at home. Some countries, on the other hand, have limited home resources, and their small seaboard did not encourage colonial enterprise, so that they never secured great overseas resources.

So we might go on, examining nation after nation, and finding the world remarkable, not for economic equality between its peoples, but for extraordinary inequality, some having much and some little.

Boy. That sounds not very helpful! What can be done about it?

Man. This; we can make an inventory of the world's materials and secure their exchange by international agreement, pooling what we may call movable resources according to needs. Thus, a land lacking iron can be furnished with the metal on the best possible terms, giving in exchange such products as it has power to produce, either in native wealth, or food, or manufactured articles. International

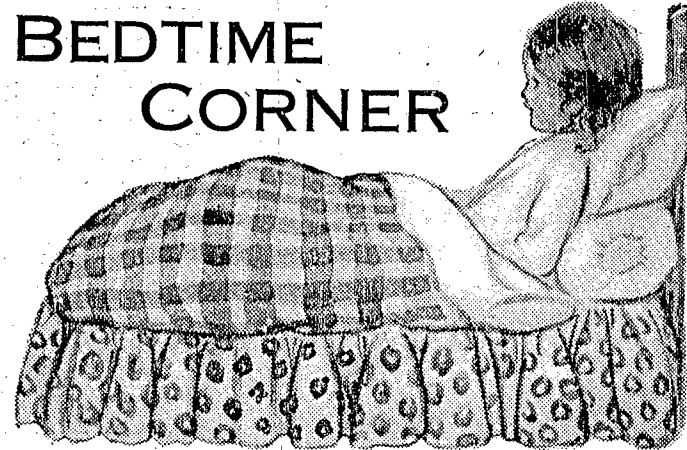
trade has done this, roughly and imperfectly, in the past, and good organisation can improve the exchanges.

Boy. But what of the land itself? That cannot be moved.

Man. You have put your finger on the greatest difficulty of all. What, indeed, can be done to equalise opportunity between those nations who have much good land and those who have little. Land is the chief natural wealth, and those who have it would oppose its transfer, if that were suggested. In practice the past has witnessed migration from unlucky to lucky lands, but even that has been opposed in recent years. It must no longer be opposed if peace is to be arrived at in deed and in truth.

There is one other suggestion to make, and it is a great one—to set up international government of great areas in which all nations should have an equal status in migration, trade, and economic development. That would be true pooling applied to desirable undeveloped areas. Migration to them, and within them would be regulated, and all the world given equal opportunity to develop great estates. But neither this nor any other suggestion, large or small, can operate without goodwill, which is the first need of all.

BEDTIME CORNER



The Two Buckets

TWO buckets were on their way to the well when one said to the other: "How miserable you look this morning!"

"Ah!" was the reply. "I cannot help it when I think of the uselessness of our being filled; for, no matter how full we are when we leave the well, we always come back empty."

"What a strange way of looking at the matter!" answered the other. "I always rejoice that, though we come here empty, we always go away full."

Prayer

SHEPHERD Jesus, in Thy arms
Let Thy little lamb repose,
Safe and free from all alarms
In the love the Shepherd shows;
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!
Often mother dear has told
How the children Thou didst bless,
And I know that in Thy fold
All is joy and happiness;
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!
Shepherd Jesus, make Thy child
Pure and gentle as the dew,
Keep my spirit undefiled
Waking, sleeping, kind and true;
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!
George Herbert Clarke